

DIOGENES

Hon. LANTHORNE. *Popish T. D.*

Athens I seeke for honest men;
But I shal finde them God knows wher



Ile search the Citie, where if I can see,
One honest man; he shal goe home
(with me.

LONDON

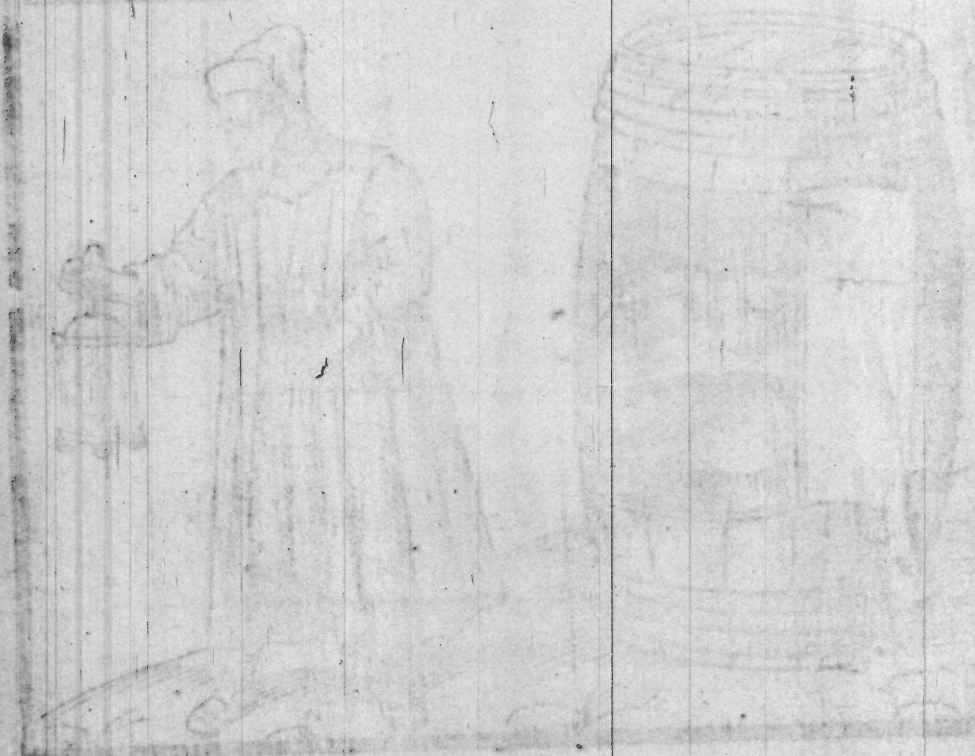
Printed for *Thomas Archer*, and are to be solde at his shop in the
Popes-head Pallace, neere the Royall-Exchange.

1628.

DIOGENES

LONDON: Printed and Sold by J. DODD, at the Sign of the Anchor, in St. Dunstons Church-yard, 1734.

Of which I have seen many, but none so honest as this.



The Author's Office, where W. I. is to be seen.
One honest man; he that goes home
(with me)

LONDON

Printed for Thomas A. Dodds, at the Sign of the Anchor, in St. Dunstons Church-yard, 1734.



Prologue.

AN odde daies worke Diogines once made,
And twa's to seeke an honest man he saide:
Through *Athens* with a Candle he did goe,
When people saw no cause he should doe so,
For it was day-light, and the Sunne did shine;
Yet he vnto a humor did incline.
To checke mens manners with some od-crosse ielt,
Whereof he was continually posselt.
Full of reproofes, where he abuses found;
And bolde to speake his minde, Who euer found
He spake as free to *Alexanders* face,
As if the meanest Plow-man were in Place,
Twas not mens persons that he did respect,
Nor any calling: Vice he durst detect.
Imag,ne you doe see him walke the streetes,
And euerie one's a knaue, with whome hee meetes
Note their discriptions; which good censure craues,
Then iudge if he haue cause to count them knaues.

SAMVELL ROWLANDS.

A 2

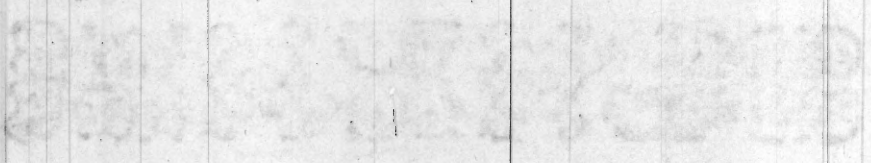




Polignac

The first of the Polignac family
was a French nobleman
who lived in the 17th century
and was a member of the
Académie Française.
He was a prominent figure
in the French court
and was known for his
political and literary
activities.
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2. A. J. B. B. B.





DIOGENES *In his Lanthorne* Humour.



Ow fie vpon seeking
 honest men in knaves skins
 I am euen as weary as euer
 was Platoes Dogge. Not a
 Streete, Lane, oz Alley in
 Athens but I haue trod it,
 and cā not meet a man woꝝ-
 thy the giuing good moꝝrow
 to: why what rascalles bee

these? haue they banisht honest men out of the towne
 quite? Alas pooꝝe Vertue, what hast thou done to de-
 serue this contemps? base is thy attire, aa thirde-bare
 in thy apparell as my Cowne: thy companie out of
 request, for thou hast walked so long alone, that thou
 art euen walked away wth thy selfe: there's no good-
 nes to be found, Al's set vpon villanie. Wonder walks
 Briberie, taken for an honest substantiall graue Ci-
 tizen, I marle is he, pꝛa'y make him one of your com-
 mon counsell.

There goes Crueltie and Extortion, put off your
 hattes to him: tis well done, he is one of the pꝛincipall
 and best in the parish, he hath borne all offices, and ne-
 uer did good: a most abhominable rſch fellowe, but
 how the diuell came he by his wealth? widowes, wi-
 dowes, thꝛes oz foure old rustie golde, begetting wi-

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do we haue crown'd him with their wealths, and that wicked Mammon is dearer vnto him then his owne soule: Nay, if he had five thousand soules, hee would sel them all for five thousand dukats of golde.

Stay let me see! what's hee? O this Prodigalitie and his whore, a Gentleman, and Gentlewoman, they are walking towards the Suburbes of a Bawdy-house for their recreation, yonder rides the Band in her Coach before, and they too come leasurely (with the por) behinde, but will all meete together anone to make worke for the Chirurgian, who will answere their loose bodie with the Squirr.

Now he assure you though I laugh but sildome, I must needes make merrie with yonder Ass: why hee is trapt for all the world like Alexanders horse, such a feather in's head, so begarded, and the verie same trot: I haue knowne his Father wel, he was a moste graue Senator (in regard of his Gray beard) and did much little good in the Cittie, got wealth, and pile vp golde even as they pile vp Stock-fish in Island, and now his Sonne (the second part of a foole) has all, all: marrie what doth he with it? (Stay, let mee snuffe my Candle and he tell you) euen like one of Signieur Scatter-goods Politicians hee deuides it iato partes: A greate portion for Dining, a good summe for Drinking, a parcell for whooring, a moitie for pride, a third for dancing, fire shares and a halfe for swaggering, and all the remainder for beggerie. Walke along knaue, walke along.

Who haue we next comes creeping with the palsey in his toynts, a great leather pouch by his side as large as a Gammon of Bacon, his long stockings, & a side coat crosse-bard with velvet to his knees: Stay (light, light) let me see: oh I know the damned slave, tis Monsieur Vsurie, what a leane lankethin gait it is: hee lookes meruailous like a long emptie Cats-skinne purse, I would

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would I had his skinne to make me a Summer paire
of Buskins.

What a blessednes is it to me, that I neuer came
into such villaines clutches! what does he, pray as hee
goes his Chaps walke so fast? No, no, the rogue is
raminating vpon his pawnes, bee chawes the cud in
contemplation of Bonds and Billes, I dare be swozne
hee neuer champs so much vpon his dinner or Supper,
for his patch cries out on him, and all the guts in his
Budding-house, rumble, and grumble at their slender
allowance. He objects the olde prouerbe to his belly,
Many a facke is tyed vp before it be full. I would
I had the dyeting of him some month with my rootes,
I would send him deeper vnder ground then ere they
grew: the Canibal should neuer feede more vpon poore
men, and play the Dice-maker with their bones, hang
him rogue, hang him.

How now thou drunken knaue, canst not see but
reele vpon me? I would I had been ware of thee, thou
shouldst haue bozne mee a good bang with my staffe:
what stane's this? as I liue I was almost downe.

Looke how his cloake hangs, one side to his ankles
and th'other side to his elbowe: his leppes take the
longitude and the latitude, hoise, hoise: His fellowe
is now (in his owne conceite) mightily strong, for hee
dares fight with any man: he is exceeding rich, scoorns
money, and cares not for twentie thousand pound: he
is meruelous wise, and tut, tell not him, for he knowes
more then any man whatsoener. What's hee y dares
refuse to pledge him? as sure as death if he could feele
or finde his Dagger, stabbes would be dealt: harke
how the villaine sweares, there's all his Hostesse bath
in pawne for his score, yet hee's a passing good Custome-
mer for utterance, about a barrell a day goes downe
his gutter. So take him in there at the red Lattice, hee
has cast anchor at the blew Anchor for this day, fill
him

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him of the best, for hee is euen one of the best guesstes that euer tooke by sodden water with chalke-credite on a poſt. Out vpon him, out vpon him, He reade his deſtinie: die in a ditch knaue, or ende in an Hoſpitall rascall chuse whether thou wilt.

How looks yonder fellow: whats the matter with him trow: has a eaten Bull-beef: there's a lofty ſtane indeede, hee's in the altitudes: Oh ſit you Maſter Ambition: I would be glad to ſee you hang'd a while for an old acquaintance: a great man with the Emperors: He aſſure you, a great man with the Emperors: his voice is heard in the Court now, and his Fathers voice was wont to be heard in the citie: For I haue heard him many a time and often crie bꝛoomes in Athens: a good plaine honeſt man, and belſt much with old ſhoes: I heard him once tel this proud knaue (being then a Boy) a good diſcourſe of Iuſtice out of a Bꝛome: Sirra (ſaid hee) hee's Birch to correct you in Child-hood, and when you grow to be a great lubber, hee's a ſtaffe to belabour you: If that will not ſerue to amend you, why then hee's enes a With to hang you by: Amen ſaid I, hee's growing towardeſ it apace: aſpiring to riſe hie, plotting to be mightie: and what tooles has a out of the diuels ſhop for this work: Treason, Treason! he wil aſcend by Treason, though he climbe the gallowes for it, and cracke his necke in conning downe againe. If I ſalute him, and put off my cappe, I would my Lanthorne were in my belly. Vertue ſcoꝛnes him, I know him not: ſtꝛout along ſit, ſtꝛout along, for thou haſt not long to ſtꝛout it.

More knaues abroad yet: yonders Boasting & Preſumption, I holde my life as eild as I am He take his Rapier from him with my walking ſtaff, hee's al ſcūd and breath: tongue & talke; feares no man, cares for no man, beholding to no man: but trie his valour, put him to it, ſee whats in him, dare him to the poſſe, and there's

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there's mine emptie fellow like a water bubble flying
in the ayre till a poffe cracke him: I neuer knew (since
I knewe reason) a worthy fellow proue a woꝝdy fel-
low: a man must set his hand to his man- hood and fin-
ger it, t'will not be had with wounds and blood, hart
and naples, as euerie rascally knave makes account :
when two Curres meete, all the while they bark they
haue no leysure to bite : Alexander had a bragging
Soldier that swoꝝe he had kild fūe hundred men with
hillips, yet this fellowe swate the peace against a wo-
man that had broken his head with his owne dagger:
and tother day I followed a couple of notozious brag-
gards into the field, one swate he would imbꝛewe his
Rapter hilts in the bowels of his foe: the other vowed
to make him eate iron & Steele like an Estridge : whe
they came to the place appointed, both drew their wea-
pons laid them presently downe, and went to buffets
foꝝ a bloody nose, which I seeing, ran to the towne and
cri'd murder, murder, & so brought three hundred peo-
ple together to laugh at them. I could tell many like
examples of Signieur feathercap and his fellowe, but
that I spy another knave comming, that puts me out.
His Cōtention (nay ile go low enough to the kennel,
& halt not inſtill me foꝝ the wall) looke how he stares,
looke how he frownes; he has had a pooꝝe man in law
this three yeare, foꝝ bidding his dog, Come out cuc-
kolds curre, yet if the dogge could spꝛake hee would
beare witnessse against his maſter foꝝ hoꝝne-woꝝke
& he hath seene wrought by his miſtris in her cham-
ber to make her husband night-caps off. Oh strife is
the sum of his desire, tis the solace of his soule, he is ne-
uer well at hearts ease if hee bee not wꝛangling with
one oꝝ other: ile trie it by law (sayes he) the law shall
iudge it : ile come to no agreement but law, ile pinch
him by law, I haue a hundred pound to spend at law,
and all law, law : yet he himſelfe is altogether bold of

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equitie: he'l neither take wrong nor doe right: bytes his poore neighbour doggedly by the backe, scornes his Superiour, tramples vpon his inferiour, and so he may be wrangling, cares not with whom it be, to keep his hand in vire.

He neuer went to bed in charitie in his life, nor neuer wakes wout meditating shrewd turnes. Oh he loues woderfully to be feeding on the bread of staffe, & immitates y Camels which delight to drinke in troubled he shall loyue no neighbour-hood with me for it: my pooles: wel Tun stands fare inough off fro his house: I had rather haue a Beare to my next neighbor, the such a babbling rascal, goe walk a knaue in the horse-faire, I haue nothing to say to thee but farwel and be hangd, and when th'art going that iourney, take all thy fel-lowes with thee.

Well met, or rather ill met Hipocrisie: Ah thou smooth face villaine with the sawming tongue, art thou become a Citizen too? then looke about you plaine fellows, you shall be sure to want no deceite: he hates swearing, so doe I: tis well done to hate it, but he loues lying, and wil ouer-reach you in a bad bargaine or with false weight and measure: Yes indeed, I truly will he. Heele sigh and say there's no Conscience now-a-daves, and then makes his owne actions bear witness to it: by yea and nay if he can he will deceiue you.

Looke to his hands, harken not to his tongue, and say I haue giuen you faire warning, for a Philosopher hath bene coufned by him. I had rather haue it said Diogenes was deceiued, then to heare it reported he is a deceiuer. I payoe for a better Cap then I weare, and my gowne is scarce worth halfe the money it cost me, marry what remedie? nothing: I haue learned by it onely A knacke to knowe a Knaue: and while I liue it looke better to Yestrulye, and indeed: Hipocrisie shall neuer sell me good wordes againe while he liues: He neuer buye breath more for

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money. If a Thiefe should meete me going home, and take away my purse, I would say I met with an honestest man then hee that consoun'd me in the buying of my Towne, so; the Thiefe would proue a man of his worde, and tell me what I should trust to in the peremptory tearmes of Stand, deliuer your Purse.

But my Towne-brother, he promist me good stuffe truly, a great peny-worth indeed, and verily did gull me. But let him take leaue of my purse, hee's a villaine, an arrant villaine, and I could euen finde in my harte to eat his Liver fry'd with Parsley to morowe morning for my breakfast.

How now, what's the matter? whether goes all this horly burly? hee's a clutter indeed. Now I see, now I see. Coufnage the Swaggerer is carryed to prison: I heare the people say he hath stab'd the Constable, beate the Watch, broke the Tapsters head, and lye with his Hostesse.

Hee's no villaine: pray' search his pockets, I tolde you as much: false hart, false hand, and false dice: what crooked toles are those in's tother pocket? pick-locks, pick-lockes, This fellowe liues by his wits, but yet longs not to Wits Common wealth: he sweares he is a gentleman: I but of what house? marry Cheaters Ordinary: an Ingenious slave that workes a living out of hard bones and has it at his fingers ends: euery man with him his a very rogue and a base gull: He threatens stabs and death, with hart, wounds & blood, yet a bloody nose hath made him call for a Chirurgeon. He scoones to dwell in a suite of apparell a weeke: this day in sattin, to morow in sackcloth: one day al new, the next day al seam-rent: now on his backe, anon at the brokers: & this by his reckning is a gentlemans humour. Sure I cannot deny but it may be so, but I pray then what humor is the gentlemā in? he is neuer (in my opinion) like to proue gentlemā by the humor.

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A way with him, a way with him, make sure woꝝke,
chayne and kennell him vp in Iayle, make him a
knight of the dolourous castell.

He will do better farr tyed vp, the loose at liberty: let
him not play the wandring pilgrim in any case, ther's
no remedy for such wilde fellows but to tame them
in the dungeon of darknes: follow him close watch-
men with your halberts, leaſt he ſhow you a new
dauance call'd ran-alwayes galliard. So, ſo, by this time
he lyes where hee's like to pꝛoue loſſie, if there be not
ſome ſpeedy remedy vs'd, with a medicine made of
hempe ſeede, to kill his pꝛiche.

Who haue we next pꝛa'r? I ſhould know him by
his villanous, ſcurvy looke, a makes a woꝝ mouth, &
has a grinninge countenance, for all the world like
Detraction, why tis hee indeed: a rope ſtreth him, has
not the crows peckt out his eyes yet? See how hee
laughs to himſelfe, at yonder playne gentlewoman in
the old faſhion, becauſe ſhe ha's not the traſh & trum-
pety of miſtris Loofe-legges about her.

Dost thou deride Cynicity knaue? Is decency become
reſiſtious? looke vpon thy ſelfe, thou rascal, looke
vpon thy ſelfe, whom all the wiſemen in the world may
laugh to ſcoꝝne indeede.

Thou haſt nothing in thee, (if thy inſide were tur-
ned outward) woꝝthie of the leaſt commendation, and
yet ſuch villaines will euer bee ſcoffing (deriding & de-
tracting, from thoſe of the beſt ſpirits and woꝝthieſt en-
deauours) learned mens woꝝkes, induſtrious mens
travels, graue mens counſells, famous mens vertues,
and wiſe mens Artes, Detraction will ſplit venome at:
nothing is wel done that flowes from his dirty inuen-
tion: hee has ſcoffes for them hee knowes not, and
teſſes for thoſe he neuer ſaw, what a world's this? whe
a ſoole ſhall cenſure a Philoſopher? a doubt, an ideot?
one that hath wiſt in's heeles & head a like to condemn
and

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and depaſſe natures miracles for wit and wiſdome.

This is he that can mend euery thing that is ready made to his hand, betraying from the worthines of euery mans work: tis a villaine, a right villaine byed and borne, he came not long ſince a long my tub-houſe, and ſcoffing at mee, asked why I made it not a tap-houſe? Mary (quoth I) I haue determined ſo to doe, but I want ſuch a Rogue as thou art, to make mee a ſigne of: with that a cal'd me Dogge. Said I, thou diſt neuer heere me barke, but thou ſhalt feele mee bite, and ſo thruſt my pike-ſtaffe through his cheekes, that I made his teeth chatter in his head like a viper as he is.

May then we ſhall neuer haue done: looke where Ie-loſie is, as yello w as if hee had the yello w laundice: his wiſe's an honeſt woman in my conſcience, loyall and true in wedloke, but becauſe hee like a fornicating rascal vſes common Cortezans, hee thinks her curteſies and theirs are all alike to euery man, come who will: his eyes followe her ſeete wherſoeuer ſhe goes: if any friend ſalute her, ſhee dares not replie, but muſt paſſe ſtranger-like without any ſhow of curteſie: he ſweares ſhee's a whoze, and himſelf a large horn'd cuckold, able to runne butt with all Cuckolds in the Towne.

May hee's growne to ſuch out rage, that he is e-nen ſcanticke with Iealouſie, ſometimes offering to lay wagers y no Bull dares encounter with his head, and that his hornes are moze pretious then any Vni-corne: the Haberdasher cannot fit him with a Hat wide enough: the Barber cannot trim his fore head colfe enough, and yet the por bath made his beard thin enough: he ſaies he thinks ther's not an honeſt woman in Athens to his knowledge, and the reaſon is, he is familiar with none but whozes. A balddie houſe is for his bodily exercise, and hee cannot lue without

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his letchery, he hath whores of all cōplexions, whores of all syzes, and whores of all diseases: and this is the cause that the vilanous fellow dooms all to bee whores.

But masters marke the end of him that hath bene laide fūe times of the por: if he be not thzoughly frencheified, and well peper'd for his veneriz, then wil I for seauen yearee eate hay with a horse wel. He croſſe the way to tother ſide the ſtreete, before hee come too nie me, I dare not indure him, tis good ſleeping in a ſound ſkinde: I would not be in's coate for Alexanders rich gowne: out ſinking knave out. Hold off thy Cart knave, wilt ouer runne me? thy horſe hath more honeſtie in him then thou, for he auoides mee, and thou drawſt vpon me. So Villaine ſo, curſe the creature that gets thy lining, & ſee how thou wilt thrive by it. Thou blinde knave Porter, dooſt ruſh vpon me with thy baſket, and then ſaiſt by your leaue? belike thou meanſt to inſtell me again, for thou did aſke no leaue the firſt time before hand, what byzutiſh ſlaves doe I meete with? my ſtaff. ſhall meete with ſome of you anon, take thou that knave, for crying bzoomes ſo loud in mine eares, heeres a quofle indeed: your cittle ſhufflings, rumbling, and tumbling, is not for my humoz. What a filthie throate has that Dyſter wiſe, I thinke it will eccho in my bzaine: pan this houre. This is the raging ſtreete of out-cries, ile out walke it with al the ſpeede I can.

Hether to haue I met with neuer an honeſt man, well, ile burne out my Candles end, and then make an end, and get me home. So, this is good to begin with all, had your ſtreete neuer a knave to enconnter my firſt entrance but Diſcord? Malum Omen, Malum Omen, This is he that ſets countrieſ and Kingdoms together by the eares, breeds Citties mutinies, and domeſtical, contentions Prince againſt Prince, nation againſt nation, kind,ed, neighbour, friend, all at variance.

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varience This is he that calles Peace with her palme tree, idle huswife, and soundes defiance thzough out the whole world: you are wzong'd (sates he) put not bp such a vile indignite, this disgrace no man hood can indure, your halour and reputation is in state of pzetudice, tis wounded by such a one, and you cannot in any wise put it bp, for the whole world takes notice of it, and all will censure you.

This is the Kascall that made me fall out with Plato, call him proud fellow, and trample vpon his bed, because it was somewhat handsomer and better deckt then mine. In all his life time, (and he assure you tis an old, gray, leane, drie, rotten bon'd villain) did hee neuer shew cheerefull countenance but at the sight of some mischiese: he would rather bite his tong thozow then bid any man good moztow. So so, now it workes, hee's got amongst a crew of scolding fish-wives, off goes her head ittire, haue at tothers throate, too her greene wast-crat, why now it workes like ware Thurst in Cut-purse, for theres good penmworths to be had amongst them, thy trade is like to be quicke by and by, customers come apace, make a priuie searck without a Constable, he stay no langer with you, a rope rid you al. Now he vpo thee shewly knaue, whē didst thou wash thy face? Heeres Sloath right in his kinde: the hat he weare all day, at evening becomes his night-cap: his frize gowne sconce, wherein he in-tranches himselfe, is at least thirtie thousand strong: Garter thy hose beast, garter thy hole, or will the por Idure no garters.

This fellow I remember comming to a Fig-tree, beeing so extreame lazie that hee could not stretch his arme out to gather any, laide himselfe downe vpon his backe, and gaping cried.

Sweete

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Sweete Figges drop downe in yeelding wise,
For Lazie will not let me rise.

This is he that riseth late, and goes earely to bed,
up to eate, and downe to sleepe: scoynes labour, for hee
is as stiffe toynted as the Elephant, and rather then
he would endure halfe an houres labour, hee would
willingly chuse a whole howez hanging. I know no
ble in the world for him, except to keepe the Citie bread
from moulding, and the townes liquoz from sowzing.

This is he, that lying at ease vpon his backe, where
a cart was to passe, intreated the Carman to draw ea-
sie ouer him for he could not rise yet til his lasse fit was
past: this is he that would rather be lowse then endure
to haue his Shirt wash't, and had rather goe to bed in
hole and shoes, then stoope to pull them off, Hee's fit-
ted with a wife enen pat of his owne humoz, for tother
day heating broth for her Husbands breakefast, the
Cat cride mew in the porredge-pot: wife (said he) take
out poore pisse, alas how came shee therer with that
she tooke out the Cat by the eare, and stroking off the
porredge from her into the pot, they two went louing-
ly to breakefast with it.

A shame take them both for filthie companiens, for
their broth is abhominable: who! then we shall neuer
haue done, heeres hell broke loose. swarming together.
Derision, hee goes befoze, and scoffes euerie man hee
meetes: dost laugh at my Lanthorne knane, because
I vse Candle-light by day? why villaine tis to seeke
such as you'le neuer be, Honest men.

Violence he walkes with him, hee doe iniurie to
his owne father if he can, al that he weares on's back
and all that he puts in's belly, is got by oppression,
wrong, and crueltie, he cares not how he get it, so hee
get it, nor from whence he take it so he haue it.

Ingratitude makes one in their consort, an inhu-
mane

Diogenes Lanthorne.

mane and vnciuill sauadge, if a man should doe him a thousand good turnes in a day, hee would neuer giue a thousand good wordes in a yeare for them.

Impetience is another of their fraternitie: a raging knaue, an vnquiet turbulent rogue, hee'le allo w time for nothing, al's at a minutes warning that he calls for, or hee'le rage, raile, curse and sweare, that a wise man would not for ten pound be within ten myles of him.

Who is the other? holde vp thy head knaue: O'tis Dulnes, the most notozious block-head that euer pist, instruct him till your tongue ake, hee has no eares for you: theres nothing in him but the Asses vertue, thats dull melancholie: how lumpish a lookes? out rascalles out: Now a murraine take you all, I did neuer make a worse dayes worke in my life then I haue done to day: heere's a Citty well blest, tis well provided I warrant you. If a man should neede an honest mans help, where should he find him? Wel, farwel Athens, I and my Lubbe scoznes thee and thy Citizens.

Diogenes lost labour.

PHilosopher, thy labour is in vaine,
Put out thy candle, get thee home againe,
If compante of honest men thou lacke,
They are so scarce, thou must alone go backe.
But if thou please to take some knaues along,
Gine but a beck, & floze wil flock and throng.
Yet that did vomit out his house and land,
Cue: with a winke, will ready come to hand.
And he of whom thou diost ten shillings crane
As thinking nere againe his almes to haue,

C

Because

Diogenes Lanthorne.

Because he was a prodigall in waste,
And to vndoe him selfe made wondrous haste.
If thou hast roome to stee him in thy Tunne,
He will be ready both to goe and runne.
O those same drunken Fiddlers, thou didst finde
A tuning wood, when they themselues were blinde,
Whome thou didst with thy staffe belabour well:
They le sing about the Sub where thou dost dwell.
All those that were presented to thy sight,
When thou soughtst honest men by Candle-light,
Take a step backe, they in the Citie bee,
With many hundreds which thou didst not see.
Houses of rascalles; shops even full of knaues,
Lauerne and Ale-house filld with drunken slaues.
Your Whorres and your common-Innes
Are whole-sale ware-houses of common sinnes.
Into a bawdie house then didst not looke,
Nor any notice of their caperings tooke. (straps
Bawdes with their Punks, and Panders with their
Whores with their feathers in their velvet caps,
Those Sallamanders that both bathe in fier,
And make a trade of burning lusts desire.
That doe salure them whome they entertaine,
With A poxetake you till we meete againe.
Nor those whose darly, Pontices entice,
To lend them money vpon cheating Dice.
And in the bowling-alleyes tooke with berling,
By threes, and foure to one, most basely getting.
All these vnseene appeare not to thy face,
With mayn a Cut-purse in the Market place,
That searches pockets being silver linde,
If Counterfets about men he can finde.
And hath Commission for it so to deale
Under the hang-mans warrant, hand and seale.

Diogenes Lanthorne.

Innumerable such I could repeate,
That vse the craft of Coney-catch and cheate,
The Cities vermin, worse then Rats and Mice,
But leane the Actors, to rewarde of vice;
He that reprooues it, shewes a detestation,
He that corrects it, workes a reformation.
Who doe moze wrongs and iniuries abide,
Then honest men that are best qualified?
They that doe offer least abuse to anye,
Must be prepared for induring many.
But heer's the comfort that the vertuous finde:
Their hell is first, their Heauen is behinde.

Diogenes Morrall.

A Cocke stood crowling proud,
Fast by a riuer side:
A Goose in water hist at him,
And did him much deride:
The Cocke in eddoller grew,
Blowing by him that made him.
That he would fight with that base goose,
Though all his Hennes diswade him.
Come but a shoze quoth thee,
A White liuer, if thou dare,
And thou shalt see a bloody day,
Thy thyoate shall soone be bare.
Base Crauen said the Goose,
I scorne to beare the minde,
To come ashoue, amongst a crew,
Of scraping ding hill kinde:
Thy Hennes will backe thee there,
Come feather chaunting flane:

Diogenes Lanthorne.

And in the water hand to hand,
A combate we will haue.
Heere's none to interpyete,
I Challenge thee come heere:
If there be valour in thy combe
Why let it now appeere.
Enter thy watry field,
I le spoyle thy crowing outght:
Why dost not comeet oh now I see.
Thou hast no heart to fight.
Will it that the Cocke replide,
There was no want in him:
But sure the water was so bad,
It would not let him swim.

Morrall.

IT happens alwayes thus
When Cowards doe contend:
With wrangling words they do begin,
And with those weapons end.
Nothing but vaunts are vs'd,
Till triall should be made:
And when they come to action
Each of other are affrayd,
Then for to keepe skinnies whole,
It is a common vse:
To enter in some drunken league,
Or make a cowards scuse.

A great

Diogenes Lanthorne.

A Great assembly met of Mice,
Who with themselves did take aduice,
What plot by policie to shape,
How they the bloody Cats might scape.
At length, a grane and aunient House,
(Belike the wisest in the house)
Gave counsell (which they all lik'd well)
That eu'ry Cat should weare a Bell:
For so (quoth he) we shall them heare,
And flee the danger which we feare.
If we but heare a Bell to ring,
At eating Cheese, or any thing,
When we are busie with the nippe,
Into a hole we straight may skippe.
This aboue all they liked best:
But quoth one House vnto the rest,
Which of vs all dare be so stout,
To hang the Bells Cats necks about,
If here be any let him speake:
Then all repli'd, we are too weake.
The stoutest House, and tallest Kat,
Doe tremble at a grim-fac'd Cat.

Morrall.

THus fares it with the weake,
Whom mightie men doe wrong:
They by complaint may wish redresse,
But none of force so strong
To worke their owne content:
For euery one doth feare,
Where cruelty doth make abode,
To come in presence there.

Diogenes Lanthorne.

The Owle being wearie of the night,
Would progresse in the Sunne,
To see the little Birds delight,
And what by them was done.
But coming to a stately groue,
Adorn'd with gallant greene.
Where peares proud Sea-Summer
Most beauntious to be seene. (Groue
He lights no sooner on a tree,
That Summers linerie wears:
But all the little Birdes that be
Were flock'd about his eares.
Such wondzing and such noise they kept,
Such chirping and such peeping:
The Owle for anger could haue wept,
Had not shame bindzed weeping.
At length he made a solemne bowe,
And thus vnto him spake:
You haue your time of pleasure now,
An owle of me to make.
But ere to morrow light appeare.
In the dawning of the East:
I will dispatch of you that are heere,
I will dispatch at least:
If that I crush you not moste rare,
Why then Ioue let me die:
A Vittimouse I will not spare,
For the least Wren doth sle.
And so at night when all was hush,
The Owle with furious munde:
Did search and pray in euerie bush,
With sight when they were blinde.
He rent their flesh, and bones did breake,
Their feathers flew in to ake.

And

Diogenes Lanthorne.

And cruelly with bloodie beaks
Those little creatures teare.
Now am I well reueng'd (quoth he)
For that which you haue done:
And quited all my wrongs by Poone,
Where offered in the Sunne.

Morrall.

Gainst mightie one, the weake of strength
May not themselfe oppose:
For if they doe, it will proue at length,
To wall the weakest goes.
The little shrubs must not contend
Against the taller Trees,
Nor meaner sort seeke to offend
Their betters in degrees.
For though amongst their owne consorts,
Superiours they deride:
And wrong them much by false reports,
At length Time turnes the Tide.
There comes a change, the wills they wrought
In selfe conceit thought good:
May be in the'nd too deerly bought
Euen with the price of blood.

A Cobler kept a scuryle Crowe,
A bird of basest kinde,
And paines inough he did bestowe,
To worke her to his minde.
At length he taught her verie well
To speake out vnto the world:

God

Diogenes Lanthorne.

God saue the King, and troth to tell,
The Cobler then grew proude.
He was too good to hop about
Upon his Olde-shoe stail;
But he vnto the Court would stroue,
His bird should put downe all
Their painted Parrats. So he went,
To Caesar with Iack-daw.
And said to him, he did present
Best bird that ere he sawe.
The Monarch gracious minde did sholue
For Coblers pooze good will:
And made a Courtier of the Crowe,
Where he remain'd, vntill
He standing in a Window, spy'd
His fellowes flie along:
And knewe the language which they cry'd,
Was his owne mother song,
Away goes he the way they went,
And altogether flie,
A pooze dead horse to teare and rent
That in a ditch did lie.
When they had shar'd him to the bone
Not a Crowes mouthfull left:
To a Cozne-field they flie each-one
And there they fall to theft.
This life the Coblers Crowe did chuse,
Pick's tuing out of strawe:
And Courtly diet did refuse
Euen like a foolish Dawe.

Morrall

Diogenes Lanthorne.

Morrall.

HE that from basenes doth deriue,
The rootes of his descent:
And by preferment chance to thriue,
The way that Iack-daw went:
Whether in Court or common-wealth,
In Cittie or in towne,
How ere he pledge good fortunes health,
Heele liue and dye a Clowne.
Dawes will be dawes, though grac'd in Court,
Crowes will to Carry on still,
Like cuer vnto like resorte,
The bad embrace the ill.
And though even from a Coblers stall,
He Purchase land what then,
With Coblers heele conuerse with all,
Rather then better men.

THe Lyon in a humour once,
As with his pleasure stood:
Commaunded that on paine of death,
Horne Beastes should voise the wood,
Not any one to tarise there,
That had an armed head,
This was no sooner publisht forth
But many hundreds fled,
The Hart, the Bucke, the Unicozne,
Ramme, Bull, and Goate consent,
With hast post haste, to run away
Their dangers to prevent.

D

With

Diogenes Lanthorne.

With this same crew of horned kinde,
That were perplexed so,
A beast comforts, vpon whose head,
Onely a wen did growe.
The Foxe met him, and said, thou fool,
Why whether dost thou runne?
Harrie (quoth he) to save my life,
Hear'st thou not what is done?
Horne creatures all haue banishment,
And must auoide the place,
For they are charg'd vpon their liues,
Euen by the Lyons grace.
True (said the Foxe) I know it well,
But what is that to thee?
Thou hast no horne, thy wen is flesh,
Tis euident to see.
I graunt (quoth he) tis so indeede,
Yet nere thelesse, ile flee,
For if't be taken for a horne
Pray in what case am I?
Sure (said the Foxe) it's wisely done,
I blame thee not in this.
For many wrongs are dayly wrought
By taking things amisse.

Morrall.

worst,
VWise-men wil euer doubt the
In what they take in hand,
And seeke that free from all suspect,
They may securely stand.
Remouing euerie least offence,
That may a danger breede.

For

Diogenes Lanthorne

For when a man is in a pit,
It is too late take heede.
If mightie men doe censure wrong,
How should the weake resist?
It is in vaine contend with him,
That can doe what he list:
The best and moste reposed life,
That any man can finde,
Is this, to keepe his conscience free,
From spotted guiltie minde.

A Savage creature chanc'd to come
Where ciuill people dwelt:
Whome they did kindelye entertaine,
And courteous with him delt.
They fed him with their choicest fare,
To make his welcome knowne,
And diuers waies their humane loue,
Was to the wilde man shewne.
At length (the weather being cold)
One of them blew his nailes,
The Savage ask'd why he did so:
And what his fingers ailes?
Parrie (quoth he) I make them warm
That are both colde and numme,
And so they set them downe to boord,
For supper time was come.
The man that blew his nailes befoze,
Upon his bzoath did blowe:
Friend saies y^e Savage, what meanes
I prethee let me know, (this,
My bzoath (saith he) is ouer hot,
And I doe coole it thus.

Diogenes Lanthorne.

Farewel (quoth he) this deed of thine,
For euer parteth vs,
Hast thou a breath blowes hot & colde,
Euen at thy wish and will?
I am not for thy company,
Pray keepe thy supper still,
And heate thy hands, & coole thy broth
As I haue saene thee doe,
Such double dealers as thy selfe,
I haue no minde vnto.
But will retire vnto the woods,
Where I tosoze haue bene,
Resolving euerie double tongue,
With hollow heart within.

Morrall.

A Heedefull care we out to haue,
When we doe friendes elect:
The pleasing gesture, & good words,
We are not to respect.
For curteous carriage often times,
May haue an ill intent. (proue,
And gracious words may gracelesse
Without the hearts consent.
Let all auoide a double tongue,
For in it there's no trust,
And banish such the company,
Of honest men meane iust:
A counterfeits societie,
Is neuer free from danger,
And that man liues moste happy life,
Can liue to such a stranger.

When

Diogenes Lanthorne.

When winters rage and cruell
Of euery pleasant tree (froze)
Had made the bowes & starks naked al
As bare as bare might be,
And not a flower left in field,
For Greene on bush or byer:
But all was rebd in pittious plight,
Of summers rich attyre.
The Grasse-hopper in great distresse,
Vnto the Ant did come
And said, deare friend, I pine for foode
I pray thee giue me some.
Thou art not in extreames with mee,
I know thy euer care,
For winters want, and hard distresse,
In Summer doth prepare.
Knowst thou my care, replied the Ant
And doost thou like it well.
Wherefore prouidst not thou the like,
Pray thee Grasse-hopper tell?
Marrie (saide he) the summer time,
I pleasantly doe passe,
And sing it out moste merri'ye,
In the delightfull grasse,
I take no care for time to come,
My minde is on my Song:
I think the glorious Sun-shine daies
Are everlasting long
When thou art boording vp thy foode
Against these hungry daies,
Inclyned into prouidence,
Pleasure I onely praisse,
This is the cause I come to thee,
To helpe me with thy store:

Diogines Lanthorne.

Thou art deceiu'd friend said the Ant,
I labour'd not therefore.

It wa's not for you I did prouide,
With tealious toilesome paines:
But that my selfe of labours past,
Might haue the future gaines.

Such idle ones must buy their wist,
Is best when deereely bought:

And note this lesson to your shame,

Which by the Ant is taught,

If Summer be your singing time,

When you doe merrie make:

Let winter be your weeping time

When you must pennance take.

Morrall.

NEgleſt not time, for precious
Is not at thy commaund: (time
But in thy youth and able strength,
Giue prouidence thy hand.

Repose not trust in others helpe,
For when misfortunes fall.

Thou maiſt complaine & pine in wāt
But friendes will vaniſh all,

Theile heap reproofes vpo thy head
And tell thy follies paſt:

And all thy actes of negligence,
Euen in thy teeth will caſt.

thou might'ſt haue got, thou might'ſt haue gain'd
And liued like a man:

Thus will they ſpeake filling thy ſoule,
With extreame paſſion than.

Preuent

Diogenes Lanthorne.

Preuent this foolish after wit,
That comes when tis too late:
And trust not ouer much to friendes,
To helpe thy hard estate.
Make youth the Summer of thy life,
And therein loyter not,
And thinke the winter of olde age,
Will spend what summer got.

A Lunkie Begger that was blinde,
But vertie strong of limbe:
Agree'd with one was lame of legs,
That he would carrie him.
And tother was to guide the way,
For he had perfect sight:
Upon condition, all they got,
Should still be shar'd at night.
So as they chanc'd to passe a long,
The Cripple that had eyes,
Sitting vppon the blinde mans backe
On ground an Oyster spies,
Stoope, take that Oyster vp (qd he)
Which at thy feet lyes there:
And so he did, and put it in,
The scrip which he did weare,
But going on a little way,
Saieth cripple, to the blinde,
Giue me the Oyster thou took'st vp
I haue thereto a minde.
Not so said tother by your leaue,
In vaine you doe intreate it:
For sure I keepe it for my selfe,
And doe intend to eate it.

Diogenes Lanthorne.

He hane it sic the Cripple swoze,
Who spide it, thou or I?
If that I had not seene, and spoke
Thou wouldest haue passed by.
It is no matter said the blinde,
Thou knowst it might haue Ipen,
Had I not stoopt, and tooke it vp,
Therefore it shall be mine.
And so they hotly fell to woordes,
And out in choller brake, (knaue
with thou lame Rogue, and thou blind
Not caring what they spoke.
At length it hapned one came by,
And heard them thus contend,
And did intrease them both, that hee
Might this their discord and.
They yeelde, and say it be so,
Then he inquiring all.
Did heare their league, and how about
An Oyster they did by all.
Salde he, my Maisters let me see
This Oyster makes such strife,
The blinde man soorthwith gaue it
Who present drew his knife. (him
And opening it, eate vp the same,
Giuing them each a shell
And said, good fellowes now be friends
I haue your fish, farwell.
The beggers both delnded thus,
At their owne folly smilde,
And saide one subtile craftie knaue,
Had to pooze fooles beguilde.

Morrall

Diogenes Lanthorne.

Morrall.

WHen men for trifles will contend,
And vainely disagree:
That oft for nothing friend and friend,
At Daggers drawing be.
When no discretion there is vsde,
To quallifie offence:
But reason is by will abus'd,
And anger doth incense.
When some in furie seeke their wish,
And some in mallice swels:
Perhaps some Lawyer takes the fish,
And leaues his clyent shels.
Then when their folly once appears,
They ouerlate complaine:
And wish the wit of fore-gone yeares,
Were now to buy againe.

Within a groue, a gallant groue,
That woze greene Sommers late,
An Dre, an Asse, an Ape, a Fox,
Each other kinde salute.
And longingly like freinds embrace,
And much good manners vse:
At length sayes th^e Dre vnto the Asse,
I pray thee friend what newes?
The Asse look^t dead and thus replid,
No newes at all quoth he:
But I grow ener discontent,
When I doe meete with thee.

Diogenes Lanthorne.

The Oxe look'd strange, and stepping backe,
Quoth he deere neighbour Ass,
Hauē I wrong'd thee in all my life,
Mouthfull of Hay or Grasse?
I Mure thy selfe if that I had,
I would griene me verie much:
No kinde beofellow said the Ass,
My meanning is not such.
On Iupiter I doe complaine,
Tis he wrongs me alone:
In arming thee with those large hoznes,
And I pooze wretch haue none.
Thou wearest two weapons on thy head,
Thy bodie to defend,
Against the stoutest dogge that barks,
Thou boldly darst contend.
When I haue nothing but my skinne,
With two long foolish eares:
And not the basest Cools that liues,
My bate or furie feares,
This makes me sad, and dull, and slow,
And of a heauie pace:
When eu'ry scurvy Shepheards curre,
Doth bzaue me to my face.
Sure quoth the Ape, as thou art greu'd,
So I hard dealing finde:
Looke on the ffor, and looke on me,
Pray view vs well behinde.
And thou wilt sweare, I know thou wilt
Except thy eye-sight failes:
That Nature lack'd a paire of eyes,
When she made both our tailed.
I wonder what her reason was,
To alter thus our shapes.

Ther's

Diogenes Lanthorne.

There's not a Fore but hath a taile,
Would serue a dozen Apes,
Yet we thou see'st goe bare-arse all,
For each man to deride:
I tell thee brother alle I blush,
To see mine owne backside,
I must indure a thousand iesses,
A thousand scoffes and scoznes,
Nature deales bad with me for taile,
And Hart with thee for hoznes.
With this the ground began to stirre,
And forth a little hole,
A creeping fore legd creature came,
A thing is cald a Mole,
Quoth he my maisters I haue hear'd
What faults you two doe finde:
Bout Taile and Hoznes, pray look on me
By nature formed blinde:
You haue no cause thus to complaine,
Of your, and your defect,
For vse dame nature hard with wordes,
If me you doe respect,
The thing for which you both complaine,
Are vnto me denide:
And that with patience I endure,
And, moze am blinde beside.

Morrall.

VWe ought complaine, repine and grudge,
At our dislike estate:
And deeme our selues, (our selues not pleas'd)
To be vnfortunate.

Diogenes Lanthorne.

None marck'd with more extreme then
None plung'd in sorrow so: (wee,
When not by thousand parts of want,
Our neighbours griefs we know.
Most men that haue sufficiencie,
To serue for natures neede:
Do wrong the God of Nature,
And vngratefully proceede.
They looke on others great gifts,
And enuiously complaine:
When thousands wanting what they haue,
Contented doe remaine.

TH' Astronomer by night did walke,
(He and his Globe together)
Hauing great busines with the starres,
About the next yeares weather.
He did examine all the skie,
For tempests wind and raine:
And what diseases were to come,
The Planet's tolde him plaine,
The disposition of the Spring,
The state of Sommer tide,
The Harvest fruit, and Winters frost,
Most plainly he espide.
He did conferre with Iupiter
Saturne and all the Seauen:
And grew exceeding busie, with
Twelue houses of the heauen.
But while with staring eyes he looks,
What newes the starres could tell:
Upon the sodaine doونه he comes,
Headlong into a Well.

Helpe

Diogenes Lanthorne.

Helpe helpe, he calls oꝛ else I drowne,
Oh helpe, he still did cry:
Untill it chaunc'd some passengers,
Came very early by.
And hearing him, did helpe him out,
In a drown'd mouses case:
Then question'd with him how he came,
In that same colde wet place?
Harry (quoth he) I look'd on hie,
Not thinking of the ground:
And tumbled in this scurvy Well,
Where I had like bin drown'd.
Which when they heard and knew his art
They smyling said, friend straunger:
Wilt thou fore-tell thinges are to come,
And knowest not present daunger?
Hast thou an eye for heauen, and
For earth so little wit:
That while thou gazest after starres,
To tumble in a pit?
Wilt thou tell (looking oꝛ thy head)
What weather it will be?
And deadly daunger at thy foote,
Thou hast no eyes to see?
We geue no credit to thy Art,
Nor doe esteeme thee wise:
To tumble headlong in a Well,
With gazing in the skyes.

Morrall.

MAny with this Astronomer;
Great knowledge will preteed:
Those

Diogenes Lanthorne.

Those giftes they haue, their haughty:
Will to the skies commend. (pride
Their lookes must be aspiring,
(For ambition aimes on hie) (dream
Fortune's aduancements makes them
Of Costles in the skie:
But while bewitching vanitie,
Deludes them with renowne:
A sodaine alteration, with
A vengeance pulles them downe.
And then the meanest sort of men,
Whome they doe abiect call:
Will stand in scorne; and point them out
And censure of their fall.

Great Alexander came to see,
My Mansion being a Tunne:
And stode directly opposite,
Betweene me, and the Sunne.
Morrow (quoth he) Philosopher,
I yeelde thee time of day:
Warrie (said I) then Empero?,
I pray thee stand away.
For thou depriest me of that,
Thy power hath not to give:
Nor all thy mightie fellow kings,
That on earthes foote-ball line.
Stand backe I say, and rob me not,
To wrong me in my right:
The Sunne would shine vpon me,
But thou tak'st away his light.
With this he stept aside from me,
And smiling did intreate:

Tha

Diogenes Lanthorne.

That I would be a Courtier,
For he liked my conceite.
He haue thy house brought nie my court,
I like thy baine so well:
A neighbour berie neare to me,
I meane to haue thee dwell.
If thou bestow that paine (quoth I)
Pray when the worke is don,
Remooue thy Court and carrie that,
A good way from my Tunne.
I care not for thy neighbour-hood,
Thy Treasure, trash I hold:
I doe esteeme my Lanterne hoine,
As much as all thy golde.
The costliest cheere that earth affords,
(Take Sea and aire to boote)
I make far lesse account therof,
Then of a Carret-roote.
For all the robes vppon thy backe,
So costly, rich and strange: (weare
This plaine pooze Colone, thou seest me
Thred-bare, I will not change.
For all the pearle and Precious Stones,
What is at thy commaund:
I will not giue this little Booke,
That heere is in my hand.
For all the Citties, cruntries, Townes,
And Kingdomes thou hast got:
I will not giue this emptie Tunne,
For I regard them not.
Pay if thou wouldst exchange thy crown,
For this same Cap I weare:
Do giue thy Scepter for my Staffe,
I would not do't I sweare. Doest

Diogenes Lanthorne,

Doest see this tabbe? I tell thee man
It is my common wealth:
Doest see yon water? tis the Wine?
Doth keepe me sound in health.
Doest see these rotes that grow about
The place of my abode?
These are the dainties which I eate,
My back'd, my rolfe, my sod.
Doest see my simple three-foote stoole?
It is my chayze of state:
Doest see my pooze plaine woaden dish?
It is my filuer plate.
Do'st see my Wardrope? then behold
This patched seame, rent gowne:
Doest see you mat and bll-rushes?
Why th'are my bed of down.
Thou count'st mee pooze and beggerly,
Alas good carefull King:
When thou art often sighing sad,
I chearful sit and sing.
Content dwels not in Pallaces,
And Courts of mightie men:
For if it did, assure thy selfe,
I would turne Courtier then.
No Alexander th'art decei'd,
To censure of me so:
That I my sweet contented life,
For troubles will forgoe:
Of a reposed life tis I,
Can make a iust report:
That haue moze vertues in my Tun,
Then is in all thy Court.
For what yeelds that but vanities,
Ambition, Enuy, Pride:

Diogenes Lanthorne.

Oppression, wrongs and crueltie,
Pay euerie thing beside.
These are not for my company,
Ile rather dwell thus odde,
Whoe ever walkes amongst sharp thornes,
Had neede to goe well shod.
On mightie men I cannot fawne,
Let flatterie crouch and creepe:
The worlde is naught, and that man's wise,
A east league with it doth keepe.
A crowne is heauie wearing, King
It makes thy head to ake:
Great Alexander, great accounts
Thy greatnes hath to make
Who seeketh rest, and for the same
Doth to thy court repayre:
As wise like him that in an Egge
Doth seeke to finde a Hare.
If thou hadst all the world thine owne,
That world would not suffice:
Thou art an Eagle (mightie man)
And Eagles catch no flies.
I like thee for thy patience well,
Which thou dost shew, to beare me:
Teach thre some what for thy payres,
Draw but a littell neare me:
Some honest proverbes that I haue,
Upon thee I'll bestowe:
Thou didst not come so wise to me
As thou away shalt goe.

He that performes not what he ought,
But doth the same neglect:
Let him be sure not to receiue
The thing he doth expect.

Diogenes Lanthorne.

When once the tall and lofty Tree
Vnto the ground doth fall:
Why euery Peasant hath and Axe
To he we his boughes withall.

He that for vertue merriits well
And yet doth nothing clayme:
A double kinde of recompence
Deserueth for the same.

Acquaint me but with whom thou goest
And thy companions tell,
I will resolue thee what thou doest,
Whether ill done or well.

He knowes enough that knoweth nought
If he can silence keepe:
The Tongue oft makes the Hart to sigh,
The Eyes to way le and weepe.

He takes the best and choysest course
Of any man doth liue:
That takes good counsel, when his freind
Doth that rich Iewell giue.

Good horse and bad, the Ryder sayes,
Must both of them haue Spurres:
And he is sure to rise with Fleaes
That lyes to sleepe with Curses.

He that more kindnes sheweth thee
Then thou art vs'd vnto,
Eyther already hath deceiu'd
Or shortly meanes to do.

Diogenes Lanthorne.

Birds of a feather and a kinde,
Will still together flocke:
Heed neede be verie streight himselfe,
That doth the crooked mocke.

I haue obserued diuers times,
Of all sortes olde and young:
That he which hath the lesser heart,
hath still the bigger tongue.

He that's a bad and wicked man,
Appearing good to th' eye:
May doe thee many thousand wrongs,
Which thou canst neuer spie.

In present want, deferre not him
Which doth thy helpe require:
The water that is farre off fetch'd
Quencheth not neighbour fire.

He that hath money at his will,
Meate, Drinke, and leasure takes:
But he that lackes, must mend his pace,
Neede a good Foote-man makes.

He that the Office of a friend,
Vprightly doth respect:
Must firmly loue his friend profest,
With fault and his defect.

He that inioyes a white Horse, and
A faire and daintie wife:
Must needes finde often cause, by each
Of discontent and strife.

Diogenes Lanthorne,

Chuse thy companions of the good,
Or else conuerse with none:
Rather then ill accompanied,
Farre better be alone.

Watch ouer wordes, for from the mouth,
There hath much euill sprung,
Tis better stumble with thy feete,
Then stumble with thy tongue.

Not outward habite, Vertue tis,
That doth aduance thy fame:
The golden bridle betters not
A Iade that weares the same.

The greatest ioyes that euer were,
At length with sorrow meetes:
Taste Hony with thy fingers end,
And surfet not on sweetes.

A Lyer can doe more then much,
Worke wonders by his lyes:
Turne Mountaines into Mole-hils,
And huge Elephants to flies.

Children that were vnfortunate,
Their Parents alwaies praise:
And attribute all christinesse,
Vnto their fore-gone daies.

When sicknesse enters Healths strong
And life begins to yeelde:
Mans sorte of flesh to parley comes,
And death must win the field.

(holde

The

Diogenes Lanthorne.

The flatterer before thy face,
with smiling lookes will stand :
Presenting hony in his mouth,
A Rasor in his hand.

The truly Noble minded, loues,
The base and seruile, feares:
Who euer tels a foole a tale,
Had neede to finde him cares.

To meddle much with idle thinges,
Would vex a wise mans head:
Tis labour, and a wearie worke,
To make a Dog his bed.

The worst wheele euer of the Cart,
Doth yeeld the greatest noice,
Three women make a market, for
They haue sufficient voice.

First leaue al fooles desire to learne
With stedfast fixed eyes :
In this, *All other Idiots are,*
And they exceeding wise.

When once the Lyon breathlesse
whom all the Forrest feard, (lyes
The very Hares, presumptuously
Will pull him by the beard.

Cease not to doe the good thou oughtst,
Though inconvenience growe:
A wiseman will not Seede-time loose,
For feare of euerie Crowe.

Diogenes Lanthorne.

One man can neuer doe so well,
But some man will him blame:
Tis vaine to seeke please euerie man,
Ioue cannot doe the same.

To him that is in miserie,
Doe not affliction adde:
With sorrow to loade sorrowes backe,
Is moste extreame bad.

Show me good fruite on euil trees,
Or Ro e that growes on Thistle:
He vndertake at sight thereof,
To drinke to thee and whistle.

Censure what conscience restes in him,
That sweares he justice loues:
And yet doth pardon hurtfull Crowes,
To punish simple Doves.

There's many that to aske might haue,
By their odde silence crost:
What charge is speech vnto thy tongue,
By asking, pra'y whats lost?

He serues for nothing that is iust,
And faithfull in his place:
Yet for his duetie well perform'd,
Is not a whit in grace.

He makes him-selfe a mothers slaue,
And reares dore vnder goe:
That vnto one being ignorant,
Dore his owne secrets show.

On

Diogenes Lanthorne.

On Neptune wrongfull he complaines
That oft hath bene in daunger:
And yet to his deuouring waues
Doth not become a straunger.

Age is an honourable thing,
And yet though yeares be so,
For one wise-man with hoary hayres,
Three dozen fooles I knowe.

FINIS.

